

WILLARD (S.D.)

E U L O G Y

UPON

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

HIRAM AUGUSTUS EDMONDS, M. D.,

Sup't of the Andrus St. Mission Sabbath School,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE TEACHERS AND FRIENDS OF THE MISSION,

ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1857,

BY SYLVESTER D. WILLARD, M. D.

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PUBLISHED BY THE TEACHERS.
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ALBANY, N. Y.:
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
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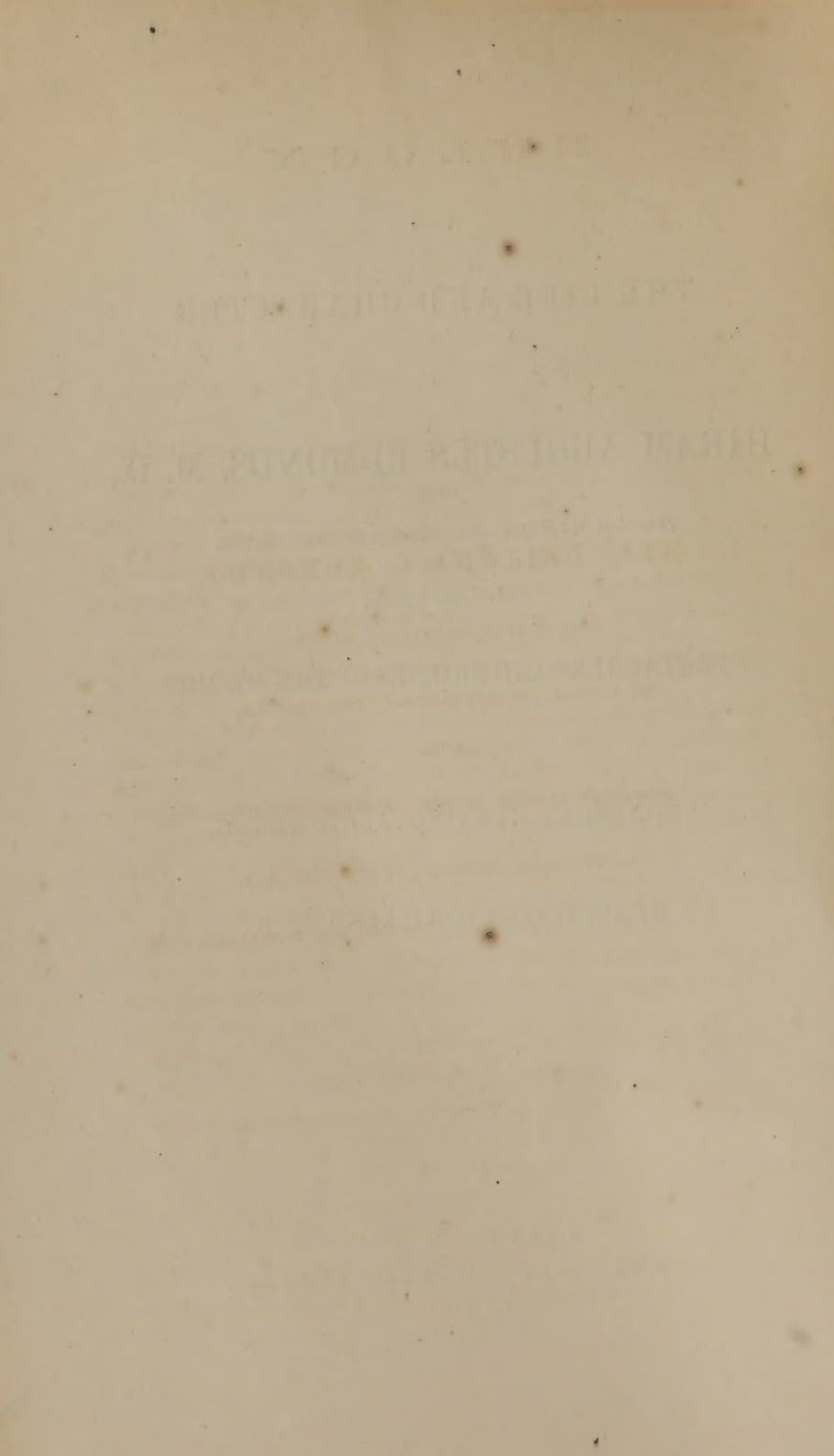
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T O

MRS. DELINDA J. EDMONDS,

THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE OF RESPECT,

IN ESTEEM FOR THE MEMORY, THE EXAMPLE,

AND THE

CHRISTIAN VIRTUES OF HER DEPARTED HUSBAND,

IS SINCERELY INSCRIBED, BY HER FRIEND,

S. D. WILLARD.

At a Meeting of the Teachers of the Lydius Street Mission Sabbath School, held April 14th, 1857, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove our beloved Superintendent from the midst of us, by death, and

Whereas, It is fitting on an occasion like that which has now called us together, we should give such an expression to our feelings as will accord with the estimation in which we hold the memory of the departed, therefore

Resolved, That we are deeply pained at our loss, that he should be taken away in the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness; and while it seems indeed mysterious to us, we recognize in it the hand of "Him who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That we are admonished that our days are passing swiftly away, and that it becomes us so to order our lives that we may be as well prepared as the deceased, for that change which awaits us all.

Resolved, That for his untiring and faithful labors among us, for his words of sympathy and encouragement, for the influence exerted by his character and Christian virtues, we feel deeply indebted to the deceased; and we will ever cherish his memory, and with the aid of Divine Providence, will strive to emulate his example, and go on with the work which engrossed so large a share of his attention, and in which he was so deeply interested.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to those near and dear ones who are mourning his loss, and that as an expression thereof, we will attend his funeral in a body.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes, and that a copy be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

SYLVESTER D. WILLARD, Chairman.

A. B. DURANT, Secretary.

E U L O G Y .

TEACHERS OF THE MISSION SCHOOL:

The minutes of our Association which have just been read in our hearing, record the death of one, who for more than three years, was the Superintendent of this Sabbath School.

I honor you for the esteem in which you hold his memory, and regard the worthy expression you have given to it, in desiring to know more particularly of his last days upon earth, as an indication that you will not fail to cherish pleasant and abiding recollections of his life, and I trust when in the future, your meditations turn upon his illness and death, you will find the exercise neither barren or unprofitable.

In fulfilling the delicate duty which you have so kindly imposed upon me, of paying a tribute here, to his memory, I obey also, the promptings of a warm personal friendship. In acceding to your request, I have thought it not unadvisable to speak on this appropriate occasion, somewhat of the life and character of the deceased, as well as concerning his illness and death.

The ancient town of Ridgefield, in Connecticut, joins on its western border, Westchester county, in this State. The high hills upon which it is situated, slope gradually towards the south, until they meet that beautiful sheet of water fourteen miles distant—Long Island Sound.

The Indian name of Ridgefield, was in the rude and simple language of the red man, Cau-da-to-wa, signifying *high land*. It was purchased of the Chief Sachem, Catoonah, in the year 1708.

From some of the lofty eminences of the town, when the sky

is clear, the eye may gaze upon the rocks of New Haven, far in the east, the Highlands on the Hudson, in the west, and stretch in the distant south, over the blue waters, dotted with sails, and for a range of forty miles, gaze upon the white sands of Long Island, the opposite shore.

From some of these hills in New England, the eye may at times luxuriate in beauty.

Ridgefield is a place of historic interest, having been consecrated to liberty by the blood of its own sons. In 1777, the British in passing from Danbury to Norwalk, heartlessly destroyed the homes and lives of the inhabitants. The enemy were met here, however, by two detachments from the Americans; one of which was commanded by General Arnold, and in the skirmish which followed, his horse was slain. In return, General Arnold, with his own hand, dealt a death-blow to the soldier, who was advancing to slay him also. The other division was commanded by General Wooster, of New Haven, who before he went forth to battle, led those under his command into the church of which he was a member, and there consecrated himself and his soldiers to God, and the liberty of his country. It will be recollected that in this engagement, General Wooster, received a wound, which proved fatal a few days after. About fifteen were slain on each side; and the name of EDMONDS,* is on the list of the wounded.

“Oh! for the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie.”

Three miles south of the place where these scenes were enacted, and a few rods on the right from the main road, along which the enemy passed, there stands at the foot of a hill, a neat brown cottage. It has “no boast of heraldry or pomp of power.” The fence in front of it is plain and simple, and the old orchard in its rear affords a rural and pleasant back-ground for the picture. All around it bespeaks primitive and substantial enjoyments.

* Wm. Edmonds, a brother of deceased's grandfather.

In this quiet abode, Hiram Augustus Edmonds was born on the 18th day of September 1824. His parents still reside there. He has one brother, and a sister resides a few miles distant from the parental roof.

It was here that the days of his boyhood and youth were passed. I am not aware that there is anything of more than ordinary interest to mark this period. To him it was doubtless full of boyish spirits and youthful glee; and many a spot by streamlet and grove was made sacred by the fond associations of childhood. Perhaps the stories of the sufferings in his native town implanted in his young mind, a fixed and ardent love of country. To him this period was at times doubtless spent in longings for the future, and anxieties for its results. He attended the district school for the usual number of years, and afterwards went to the academy in Ridgefield—an institution of some repute, and there continued until he prepared for the duties of a teacher. Pursuing these duties, he at length went to Southport—a beautiful sea-port village in the southern part of the county, and there became Principal of the Southport Academy. He continued thus employed, from 1846 until 1851. The duties of a teacher were well suited to his tastes, and he found great pleasure in devoting himself to them. He had leisure for recreation, and with agreeable companions, enjoyed his favorite equestrian exercise, or frequent driving excursions about the country. He occupied a portion of his time in classical and philosophical studies with great advantage. His room-mates were Mr. Atwater, a brother of the Rev. Dr. Atwater, of Princeton College, and Mr. Stimpson, now Rector of the St. Matthew's Church, Wilton, and they were men of energy, education and piety, and could not fail to exert a favorable and happy influence upon the mind of their associate. It was while teaching here, that Mr. Edmonds made choice of the profession of medicine, and began his preparatory studies under the direction of Dr. Sherwood, of Southport, finding opportunity meanwhile to attend some of the lectures at the Medical Department of Yale College.

During his residence here, his mind was drawn more intimately to the subject of personal religion. He began to feel its

necessity. This was by no sudden outburst of religious fervor in the churches; nor by the startling impressions of a moment. It was by a frequent reflection upon the subject of divine truth, and his duty in regard to it. This subject seriously considered, his views of it strengthened, and it became the guide of his actions.

Oppressed by a sense of his sins he at length went forth one evening by himself, where no sound could be heard save the moaning of the winds as they came from the sea, and the noise of the waves as they lashed the shore, and there he struggled in prayer—there as the hours of night rolled over him, he sought the forgiveness of a sin-forgiving God, and there he dedicated himself to the cause of Christ, with the full resolve to be a *whole* Christian.

In 1850 he united with the Congregational Church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Samuel J. Mills Merwin—a friend of my boyhood—and from whose honored father, I received baptism—and continued in an active and consistent relation with it until his removal to this city.

The residence of five years in Southport, was a period profitably spent pecuniarily, as also in intellectual, social and religious improvement. Although I have frequently heard him mention incidents in his life there, I never heard an allusion to anything that seemed to have left upon his mind an unpleasant association. The friendships thus formed were sincere and uninterrupted, and he held them as sources of perennial pleasure, for—“absence strengthens friendship where the last recollections are kindly.”

How impossible is it to anticipate the future! and how trifling are the circumstances which prove the points on which our lives turn!

In the autumn of 1851, Mr. Edmonds left Southport and came to Albany, for the purpose of prosecuting his professional studies. He united with the Albany Medical College, at which institution he graduated with an excellent standing for scholarship, at the close of the term of 1853, receiving at that time the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

What circumstance induced him to select Albany as the place of his future residence, it is not necessary to our present pur-

pose to determine. He had spent a year and a half as a student here, and it is not improbable that among the friendly relations he had formed within that time, *one* there was, which silent, hidden and mysterious at first, was destined to grow brighter and stronger, to find its perfect development in the fervent devotion that guarded his dying hours, and that now so sacredly cherishes his memory.

He opened an office in Hamilton street, and commenced his professional career in the spring of 1853.

It was during the summer of this year that I made his acquaintance; an acquaintance that soon ripened into intimate friendship. There were incidents calculated to awaken our mutual sympathies. His native town joined mine on the north, and we shortly discovered that we knew the same people, and counted alike this one, and that one, a friend. He told me that my father's name was from his earliest recollection, familiar to him as a household word, and he knew well, that spot most dear to my heart—HOME. Pursuing the same profession, in the same city, under such circumstances it is quite natural to infer that we continued friends.

In December, 1854, Dr. Edmonds was married, and in the ensuing May, removed his office to Clinton Avenue, near his residence, and near the Fourth Presbyterian Church also, of which he was now a member.

I shall now leave this brief narrative, to speak more at length of his character, and to furnish some illustrations of it.

Dr. Edmonds was in his twenty-ninth year when he entered his profession, he brought to it a mind well developed, disciplined by study, correct and accurate in thought, and well matured in judgment. He had therefore, no long probation of professional boyhood to pass. His mind was of a reflective mould, and in nothing did he act with rashness or presumption. With him everything was carefully considered, influences regarded, and results so far as they could be foreseen, provided for. There were no striking eccentricities in his character, no marked display of genius; his temperament tended to philosophy rather than poetry. If he had any remarkable quality, it

was that most of all desirable, a mind well balanced with *common sense*, and the ability of skilfully employing it.

He possessed great frankness, and expressed himself clearly on all proper occasions. His language was simple, unstudied, and unaffected. He at all times made himself fully comprehended, and it was not easy to mistake his meaning. His manners were affable, but as natural and unaffected as his language.

He was a man of stern integrity, and I never heard of his word being doubted, or of a suspicion being thrown upon it. He was punctual in all that related to business, and was averse to incurring a debt, even for a single week. I think I have heard him say that since he lived in Albany, he never owed a dollar for half of that time.

He abounded in anecdote, and had great love for the ridiculous. He relished anything that was humorous or witty. In indulging in this passion, he played upon his friends without reserve, but he never hesitated on the other hand, to assume the place in the story, that might turn the mirth upon himself. His quaint manner of relating anecdotes, was sure to bring a paroxysm of laughter. His social and genial humor made his society at all times acceptable.

The following incident which occurred soon after he assumed the office of instructor, will serve to illustrate his aptness and ingenuity. He was about seventeen years of age. At an Association of Teachers, he was called upon to illustrate upon the blackboard, the rationale of a certain rule in mathematics. He was taken by surprise, but did not like to acknowledge that he was not fully prepared to explain the very thing that a teacher was supposed to understand. He must make the attempt and break down, or ask to be excused. With characteristic quickness of thought he walked up to the board and wrote a row of figures, then turning to the teachers, he said: "I have been requested to illustrate the principle of this rule; but in order to make the subject more interesting, I propose that we all should take a part in it. Will some one now tell me the first step?" Of course some one immediately complied. "Very well," said he. "Will some one now tell me the reason for this step?" Another gave the reason. "Do any of

you see anything wrong in this reasoning, or would you express it differently?" No objection being made, he said, "Very well. Now will you tell me the next step?" And so he led them through the entire thing to be illustrated, making them do all the work. Afterwards, he received the congratulations of the President of the Association, for the happy manner in which he had conducted one of the exercises of the meeting.

Dr. Edmonds, I have said possessed frankness, and it so formed a characteristic, that it was expected of him, even if the truth he spoke might be unpleasant to hear. A man may do whatever is in keeping with his character, and some there are who though quite honest, do not boldly speak what they would really like to say—perhaps for fear of offending; but I may refer to our deceased friend, as an example of a man, who could always be openly frank and sincere, and yet never make an enemy, or be the less esteemed for exercising so desirable a virtue.

Our friend was *amiable*. I do not remember ever to have seen him excited by anger, or anything that approached to it. I do not doubt that he could at proper times, exercise a just indignation, which one may do and sin not, but wherever, and whenever I met him, I found the cordial grasp and the genial smile of welcome.

Our friend was given to mirthfulness, but never in such a manner as to compromise his Christian consistency.

I may mention too, that he was possessed of a keen sympathy. The sufferings of the poor and unfortunate, did not escape his attention or his aid. The sobs of destitute children were quick to touch his heart. He would enquire of their wants, and soothe them by kind acts and gentle words. He had a love for children, and could easily enlist them in conversation, and then in their innocent sports it was difficult to tell which was most happy. It was his happiness to make them happy; his feelings were child-like, and he entered into their amusements, with all the glee of a child.

These various elements of his character were subdued by an humble and contrite heart; his piety detracted nothing, but rather added to his buoyancy and cheerfulness.

Some of you have been witnesses of the zeal and fidelity with which he devoted himself to the interests of this Sabbath

School. It was an object that occupied a large share of his affections, and he found pleasure and profit in its weekly exercises. More than once have I heard him express his attachment to the teachers and children, and that too, before I had any association here.

But to resume the memoir. In the autumn of 1854, a few weeks before his marriage, Dr. Edmonds was seized with a cough that continued to annoy him during the winter. He was fond of his profession and was actively engaged in its duties. He had assumed in it, an honorable position, which his propriety, his judgment and skill would have enabled him always to maintain.

I remember to have looked around me, upon the young men in my profession, and to have named him as being the man whose prospects were the brightest, and whose promise of future eminence was the most flattering. And I believe this opinion was unbiased by any of the kindly relations that existed between us. When in the spring of 1855, he removed his office to a place near his residence, the care and anxiety incident upon it, seemed to diminish his impaired strength; his cough increased, and in this condition, he sought a few weeks' relaxation at his home in Connecticut.

On the evening of the 8th July, 1855, I responded to one of those telegraphic announcements that make the ears tingle, and the nerves quiver with anxiety, because loved ones are dying, and on the ensuing morning, I stepped from the railway car at Wilton. I was met by Dr. Edmonds, who was just about to enter the car. In the conversation of scarcely a moment, he alluded with evident emotion and tenderness, to the death of that zealous Christian,* his co-laborer—the founder of this school, a notice of which he had seen in the papers a few days before, and the spontaneous outburst of his heart and lips, was, "I loved that good man."

On the 24th of the same month he returned to Albany, hoping to resume business, but only to receive the assurance of a medical friend that he had better leave the city at once, for with the

* Dea. James Wilson.

cares and fatigues of professional life he would not be likely to get better.

I think it was at this time that his suspicions became settled convictions that a fatal pulmonary disease was preying upon him. He immediately left the city and was absent until the first of October, when he hoped his health was improved, but he was unable to say that it was really so. The winter passed, and each Sabbath found him at his accustomed place in this Mission School. Spring time came again, and the walk here was exhausting to his strength, his step was less firm and elastic, his eye became sunken and his countenance gave indication even to the inexperienced eye that he was not likely to recover, but still his heart was here.

It is said of Lennec, a distinguished French physician, whose experience in Parisian Hospitals, aided by his extended researches had thrown more light upon diseases of the lungs, than that of any man of his day, whose eye was quick to detect the changes incident to the malady, and whose ear was nicely trained to discern the morbid, respiratory sounds, that when he himself became a subject of the very disease with which he was so familiar, he shut his eyes against the truth, and could not be persuaded that the symptoms in this case indicated the same as similar symptoms in others. It was not so with him whose life and character we are now contemplating. He carefully considered his symptoms, and clearly foresaw the fatal result to which they tended, nor did he hesitate to speak of them and discuss them freely. Painful as was such a view to his friends, crushing as was such an opinion to his cheering prospects and his laudable ambition, paralyzing like an incubus as it was upon him, he did not hesitate to give them a full consideration. It was not in the light of a cold and speculative philosophy, but in the humble submission of the Christian. It can not be doubted that such calm resolution cost him a bitter struggle, but his victory over himself was achieved on his knees, before Him who hath promised that "as thy days, so shall thy strength be." During the summer we rode often together, and I held frequent and refreshing converse with him; I found him ever ready to talk of the realities of another world,

and to speak of death as a thing not distant. My own heart was throbbing in pulsations of sorrow from the bereavement of a loved sister, and I received from him on these as on all occasions grateful and affectionate sympathy.

Summer drew on: we often met, and I uniformly found him cheerful. He had mostly laid aside medical books for those of a religious character, and among those in which he found great pleasure were "Baxter's Saints' Rest," and "The Faithful Promiser. I think those who knew him intimately could not have failed to observe that he was growing in grace.

The afternoon of the 24th of July was serenely beautiful. He joined me in a drive; we rode from the city and sought out by a winding path the bank of the river, where the din of the city is hushed, and the bustle of business gives place to the quiet loveliness of nature. The place was delightful to behold. Remark- ing how much there was to make life happy, our conversation turned upon its uncertainty, and the approach of death. He said to me, "I believe in God, I believe I am a sinner, I believe in Jesus Christ as an atonement for sin, just as much as I do in my own existence; and I believe that my efforts to comply with the terms of salvation are sincere. I am no hypocrite in this. I know," he added with emphasis, "that I am sincere; what God has promised is true, and if I have complied in sincerity with the terms of salvation, what if I do die? I can't fail of Heaven."

I replied that promises were sure, and that where faithful compliance was made, a man was justified in taking a STRONG HOLD of them, and that in such a view, death, if one could feel the strength of those promises, was really more desirable than life.

The next day he started for the country, and he told me that as he closed his office door, he felt that he was "turning the key upon everything for the last time."

I made my annual visit to Connecticut in August, and agreeably to my promise immediately upon reaching there, accompanied by my brother, paid him a visit. He was passing the time quietly beneath familiar shades, husbanding his strength, rather than invigorating it. The Sabbath following he drove five

miles in order to attend church with me and hear my brother, who was to officiate. This effort however was very fatiguing to him.

After my return he visited my friends at "Woodlawn," and was affected by the gentle solicitude of my Mother, who as it appears was to precede him to those bright mansions of eternal rest.

Dr. Edmonds returned to Albany in October, but was only twice afterwards present at the exercises of the school. Do we not all remember how he exerted his waning strength in one more, and a final effort to impress the minds of these children with the necessity of being "good children?" Have we forgotten the sorrow expressed because some there were who were trifling away the privileges offered here? But though *he* came not his heart was here every Sabbath, and his prayers that the teachers and scholars might all be brought to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, were frequent and fervent. This was a place where his affections were fastened. He was interested in all that concerned it, and as he neared the end of life, he felt more and more the importance of the work which should be done here. I detailed to him from week to week an account of our progress, and I found that he always gave it attentive hearing.

He rode with me a few times in the early part of the winter, but the exertion of robing for such severe weather was so great a tax upon his strength, that it detracted from the benefit of the clear pure air without.

The old year at length drew to a close, and still he lingered. I saw him on New Year day—ere that day was closed, I received the sad announcement that my earliest, my best, my most constant friend was dying. I hastened to the home of my childhood and pressed the lips of my Mother, but they gave back no responsive kiss. Amid the snows of winter we laid her away to her rest—holding, I trust, more closely to our hearts, her Christian example. I returned and bowed in affliction, sought frequently the chamber of our dying friend. He was full of tender sympathy and expressions of brotherly kindness. His sorrow for me, drew me more

closely to him—it was like that of one, who has almost entered the promised land.

About the middle of March, he became unable to leave his bed, though he continued to see his friends as usual. His physical sufferings during the winter, had been at times, severe, but for the most part, they were the sensations of extreme weariness. He not unfrequently inquired how long such a condition could continue, and was not afraid to hear a definite answer.

More than once he remarked to me, that if he was left to choose the time of departure, he should be quite willing that it should be “to day.” At another time he said, “If any body should announce that he had a remedy, by which I might be cured, and I could believe it, the intelligence would fall like lead upon my ears. I fear I shall become impatient of waiting.” Again he said “some of the friends who visit me regard my dying as so unfortunate. I don’t feel so. The difference appears to me as between a home in Albany, and a HOME IN HEAVEN.” Upon his asking at another time, how long I thought he might live, I questioned him again if death had any terrors to him. “Oh! no,” he replied “my heart is fixed, I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him.”

His voice failed at length so that he was only able to whisper. On the 10th of April I found him in a condition that indicated his speedy dissolution. He had spoken to me only a few days before, of how swiftly the winter had passed, and that to him it had been the shortest and pleasantest of his whole life. He frequently alluded to the kind remembrances of his friends, and especially to the flowers, the beauty and odor of which imparted pleasure to his eye, and fragrance to his chamber, and declared that a man surrounded by so many comforts as he was, ought to die willingly.

On Saturday morning the 11th, I saluted him, “still here Doctor; I hardly expected to find you here this morning.” He replied, “Yes,” and after a moment asked if I thought he could live through the day. I feared he could not. I asked him again if he had any fears about dying. He replied. “Oh! no,

all is brighter the nearer I get. If you want to please me, tell me that I am almost done." His articulation was so feeble and broken, that I had to place my ear near him to catch his words. I asked, "Is there any thing you would have me say to the Children and Teachers of the Sabbath School?" He gathered his strength and his eye kindled as he exclaimed, "Oh, yes! tell the teachers never to be tired of their work—tell them to teach the Bible truth. Tell the children to love the Lord Jesus Christ—tell them that my last prayers were for them."

I saw him Sabbath morning, and called to inquire concerning him Sabbath evening, but he heard my name and desired to see me. He told me that he was suffering. I remarked to him that he must not be impatient, for in a little time it would all be over. "Oh, no," were his whispered accents, "*I can suffer more if it is necessary.*" I repeated to him two lines of that beautiful hymn,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy billows are,"

slowly and earnestly he responded—

"While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

He asked me about the mode of his dying, and if I thought he would strangle. I replied, that I hoped not; and that from his exhausted condition it was quite likely that he would at length sink away so gently as scarcely to be aware of it himself, until the gates of heaven were fairly open to receive him—So let us hope. He added, "If it please God."

I felt the pressure of his hand, as I bade him, "good night;" but these were the last words I heard him utter: "If it please God."

Before the morning dawned, his prayer was answered, for

"Like a shadow thrown
Softly and sweetly from a passing cloud,
Death came upon him."

When the faithful soldier falls on the battle-field, there is no time for his comrades to pause and weep. The enemy is pressing, and must be repulsed; the rising tear must be subdued; the emotions of sorrow must give place to a fresh courage and

a more determined spirit. When the brave and the strong in heart fall, severer duties and fiercer struggles devolve upon those that remain, and they must be met in order that the victory may be secured.

We, my friends are encountering a common enemy, and one and another of our brave soldiers of the Cross have fallen in the conflict, with the cry of victory upon their lips, and the bursts of joy ringing upon their ears.

Shall we be irresolute or the less zealous because they have gone before us?

Dear Teachers: To you I have this night delivered the solemn message, received from the lips of your dying Superintendent. Oh! let them burn in our hearts—let us “not be tired” or faint in striving earnestly for the salvation of the children who gather here. Let us “teach them Bible truth.” Let us not be weary in the work. Shall we not rather gather a new lesson from this vacancy in the midst of us; and while we cherish the memory and example of our departed brother, let us not be “weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.”

NOTE.

The Lydius Street Mission Sabbath School, has a brief and simple history, but it is one replete with interest.

It is now fourteen years since the school was commenced; the house in which it is now held, having been erected for the purpose of this Sabbath School in 1843. The number of children who gathered for instruction, was at first small. The teachers were few and faithful. The enterprise was begun by Mr. James Wilson, and received from him, a constant and earnest support until the close of his life.

When the school became large enough to need a Superintendent, other than the teachers generally, Mr. J. D. Cooke, one of their number, was appointed to act as such. Mr. David Hutchison, was the second to occupy this position. Mr. John B. Wasson, who was one of the original teachers, afterwards filled the office for a number of years, with great acceptance, and still continues his connection with the Mission.

Dr. William A. Hawley, acted as Superintendent from 1851 to the 17th July, 1853, when he resigned the office on account of his removal from the city. There is registered as in attendance with considerable regularity at this time, seven male, and eleven female teachers. The largest number of children in attendance during this summer, is between seventy and eighty.

Dr. Edmonds succeeded Dr. Hawley, in July, 1853. The largest number children present in 1854, was eighty-nine.

The school was formally organized at the beginning of the present year. The library has been increased, so that there is now in it, three hundred and fifty volumes.

The average number of children in attendance, is about one hundred; the number registered on the class books, is not less than one hundred and fifty. There are twenty regular teachers connected with the Mission, and it appears in every respect, in a condition of prosperity and usefulness. For much of this it, is indebted to the impulse given it by its founder, Mr. Wilson,

who was so identified with all its interests, and who held them so continually at heart, that we select the following, from an obituary notice, as appropriate in this place.

James Wilson, was born on the 13th February, 1795, in the parish of Mauravenside, Sterlingshire, Scotland. He came to America in 1819, and a few years subsequently, settled in Albany.

"Industriously devoted to his Horticultural pursuits, and always in the bosom of his family, he neither desired nor sought the special notice of his fellow men. He was nevertheless, a man of public spirit. His qualities of mind and heart were noble and generous; his sympathy for the poor, was strong and practical, and his adherence to religious principles, was firmly, though not ostentatiously sustained in all the relations and pursuits of life.

"Though decided in his denominational attachment, he was no bigot. He cheerfully united with his fellow-Christians of other denominations, in their acts of worship and their efforts to do good; and the school-room, No. 400 Lydius street, built at his expense, was always open to the ministers and members of other denominations. There he cheerfully welcomed and assisted them, by his presence and money. And there he was twice engaged every Sabbath day, in instructing the young. His associates alone, know how heartily he labored in this work, and how peculiarly adapted he was thereto. They will miss and mourn his absence, though they are satisfied that his record and reward are on high.

"Mr. Wilson, died after a few days' sickness, from congestion of the lungs, on the 30th June, 1855. His funeral was attended on Sabbath afternoon, July 1st. The Rev. Mr. Dyer, offered prayer at his late dwelling, and the Rev. Dr. Welch, who was for many years his pastor, delivered a funeral address in the State Street Baptist Church, where he worshiped, and worthily filled the office of deacon. That large building was crowded by a most attentive and sympathizing congregation, among whom, filling the entire east gallery, were the children and teachers of the two Sabbath Schools, with which he was connected, and who with affectionate esteem, followed his remains from Lydius street to the church."

We add the following graceful tribute, from the Morning Express, of July 2, 1855.

"DEATH OF JAMES WILSON.—Our citizens will regret to hear of the death of this estimable man. He has for nearly a quarter of a century, lived among us and his Flowers, respected for his many virtues. He leaves behind him a fragrant character, and his memory will ever be associated with the beautiful creations with which in life, it was ever his delight to be surrounded."

